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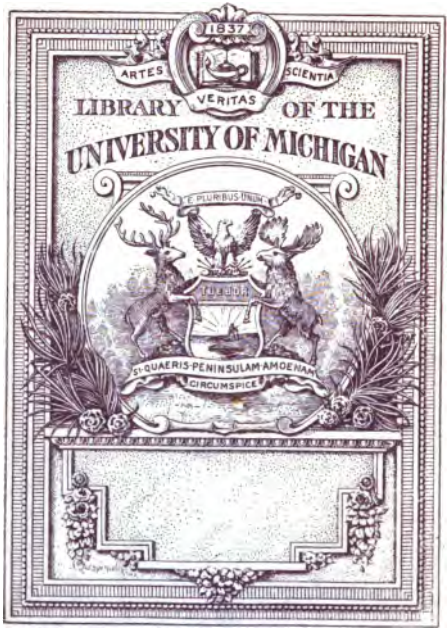
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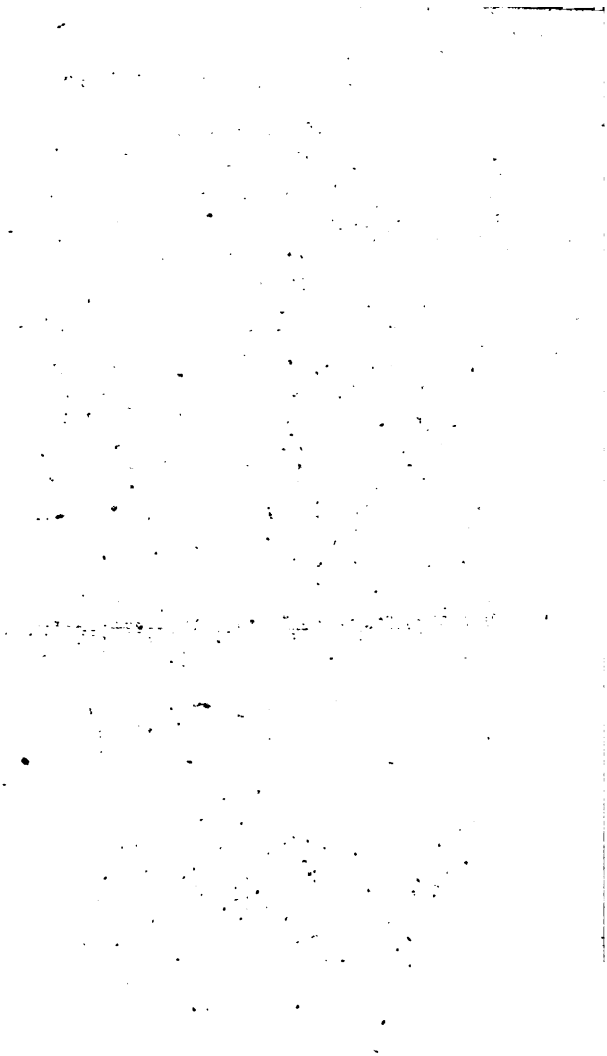

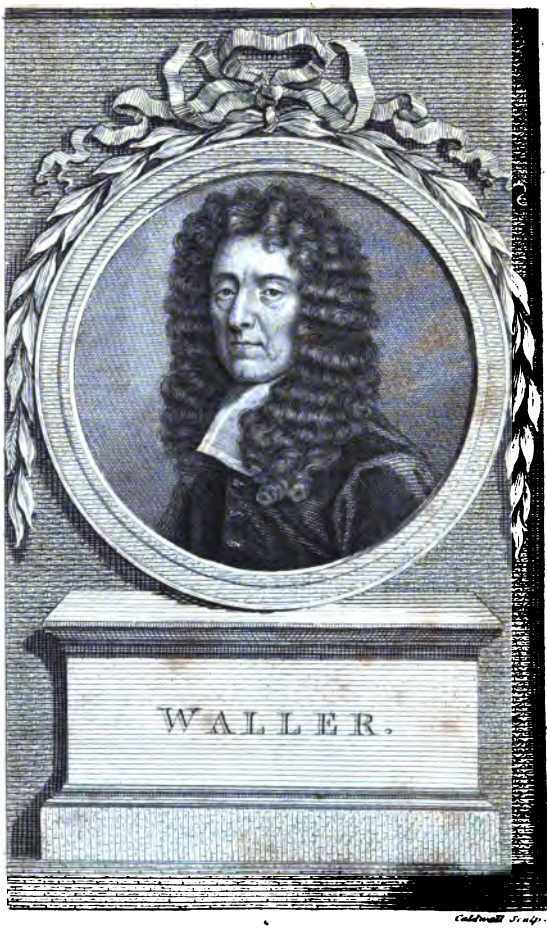
WALLER.

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

WALLER.

171789

To my Lady * * *.

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering theſe ſticks into a faggot had ſooner been obeyed; but, intending to preſent you with my whole vintage, I ſtayed till the lateſt grapes were ripe: for, here your Ladyſhip has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with hiſtory) of many wiſe and worthy perſons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ableſt of his countrymen), and the former Pope; who, they ſay, inſtead of the triple crown, wore ſometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of leſſer weight and trouble. But, Madam, theſe Nightingales ſung only in the ſpring; it was the diverſion of their youth; as Ladies learn to ſing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The reſemblance holds further; for as you quit the lute the ſooner, becauſe the poſture is ſuſpected to draw the body awry; ſo this is not always practiſed without ſome villany to the mind; wreſting it from preſent occaſions; and accuſtoming us to a ſtyle ſomewhat removed from common uſe. But that you may not think his caſe deplorable who had made verſes; we are told, that Tully (the greateſt Wit among the Romans) was once ſick of this diſeaſe; and yet recovered ſo well, that of almoſt as bad a Poet as your ſervant,

he became the moſt perfect Orator in the world. So that, not ſo much to have made verſes, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuſe: the former preſenting us with an opportunity at leaſt of doing wiſely, that is, to conceal thoſe we have made; which I ſhall yet do, if my humble requeſt may be of as much force with your Ladyſhip, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whiſper theſe in your ear; if you publiſh them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit and a Poet, caſt them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a taſk for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for ſo his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the ſtory will have it) I ſuppoſe were ſcattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to inſtruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are! how much you excel the moſt excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the leaſt inclined to wonder of our ſex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyſhip's for a Roman name, ſo would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worſhiped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyſhip's
moſt humble Servant,
EDM. WALLER.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

MR. WALLER'S POEMS,

AFTER THE RESTORATION;

Printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of theſe verſes (written only to pleaſe himſelf, and ſuch particular perſons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad ſome years ſince, he was troubled to find his name in *Print*: but, ſomewhat ſatisfied, to ſee his Lines ſo ill rendered that he might juſtly diſown them; and ſay to a miſtaking Printer, as * one did to an ill Reciter,

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus.

Having been ever ſince preſſed to correct the many and groſs faults (ſuch as uſe to be in impreſſions wholly neglected by the Authors); his anſwer was, that he made theſe when ill Verſes had more favor, and eſcaped better, than good ones do in this age: the ſeverity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by thoſe faults in the impreſſion, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or

* Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 39.

ſuch-like ugly things, upon their faireſt horſes, and other goodly creatures, to ſecure them againſt faſcination. And, for thoſe of a more confined underſtanding, who pretend not to cenſure; as they admire moſt what they leaſt comprehend, ſo, his verſes (maimed to that degree that himſelf ſcarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at leaſt, have a title to ſome admiration: which is no ſmall matter, if what an old Author obſerves be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Hiſtorians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reaſon therefore to indulge thoſe faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to ſome, and commended to others.

The Printer alſo he thought would fare the worſe, if thoſe faults were amended: for we ſee maimed ſtatues ſell better than whole ones; and clipped and waſhed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

Theſe are the reaſons which for above twelve years paſt he has oppoſed to our requeſt; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had ſo long been made public; ſo, might it find excuſe from his youth, the ſeaſon it was produced in. And, for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philoſophy, which teaches him ſo chearfully to bear ſo great a calamity, as the loſs of the beſt part of his fortune, torn from him in priſon (in which, and in baniſhment, the beſt portion of his life hath alſo been ſpent), that

he

he can ſtill ſing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman *,

* * * Quem dimiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi. * * *

Whoſe ſpreading wings the civil war had clip'd,
And him of his old patrimony ſtrip'd;

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Muſis amicus, triſtitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis * * * Lib. I. Ode xxvi.

They that acquainted with the Muſes be,
Send care, and ſorrow, by the winds to ſea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours (or pleas'd with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the Reader, that the Poems which have been ſo long, and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them: as alſo, to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have diſcouraged us; yet, obſerving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earneſtly they have been

* Horace, Lib. II. Epiſt. ii.

always inquired after, but especially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:
Lib. II. Epist. i.

"Some verses being, like some vines, recommended "to our taste by time and age,")

We have adventured upon this new and well-corrected Edition; which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

PRE-

PREFACE

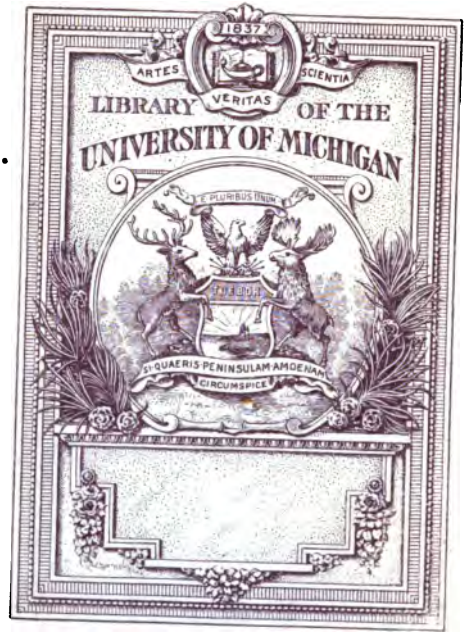
TO THE SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS,

Printed in the Year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of theſe Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in poetry! He was indeed the Parent of Engliſh Verſe, and the firſt that ſhewed us our Tongue had Beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the ſame rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way;

Tu pater, & rerum Inventor; Tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: tuiſque ex, Inclute! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ!
Lib. III. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He poliſhed it firſt; and to that degree, that all artiſts ſince him have admired the workmanſhip, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I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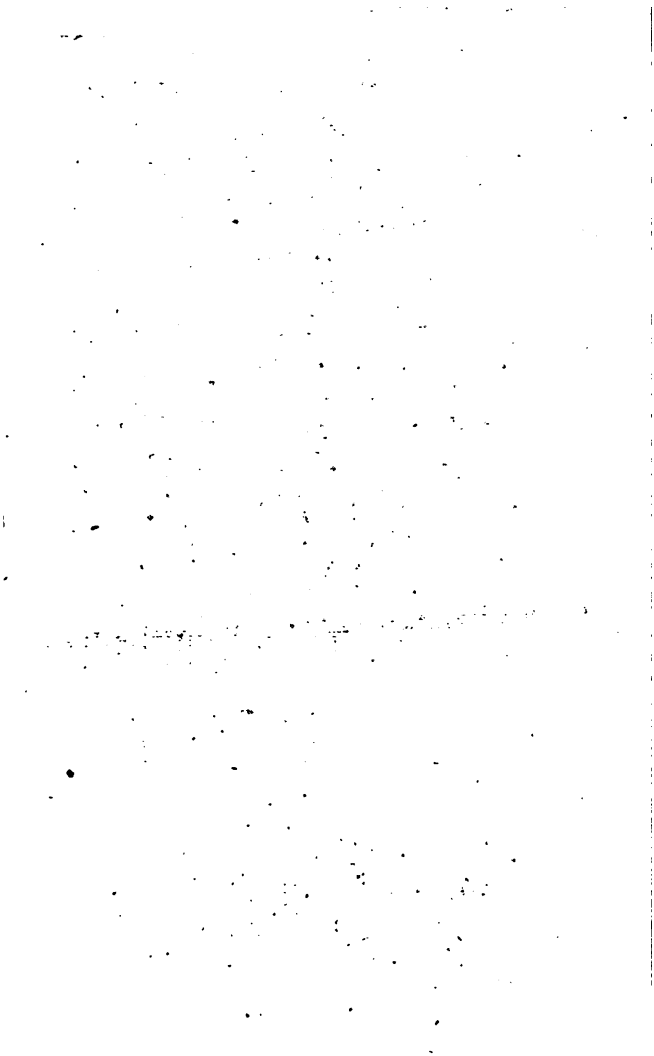

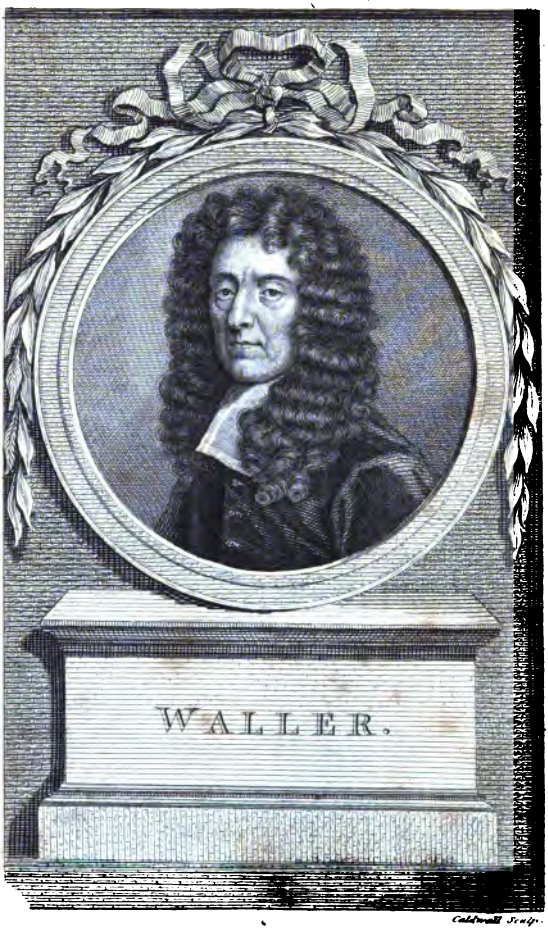
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MDCCLXXIX.

THE POEMS OF WALLER.

171789

Neglected Warwick, (whoſe bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and reſumes the ſceptre of our State)
Wooes for his Maſter; and, with double ſhame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady Bona: whom juſt anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! ſpare your ſwords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When France ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conquering eyes
Have made the beſt of Engliſh hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counſels of our State.
What the prophetic Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too ſure a ſign of ſea's enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal troop engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt;

They

They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball,
Toſt to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their ſacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good boat this tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But ſtorms increaſe! and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry Main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous ſon *,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire,
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient ſea grows impotent, and raves
That, night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.

* Phaeton.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleaſures of their Court before:
Godlike his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the power of making tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempeſt feign,
When the loud winds uſurping on the Main
For angry Juno, labor'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our Hero ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and ſceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flouriſh'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untaſted joys;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph, than * ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.

* Venus.

That

That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic's Prince's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic Court;
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem, which, in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo:
Like bright Aurora, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of enſuing day;
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy ſhadows, from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's ſtring of many ſhafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble Fame had ſhed,
As through the wondering world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But Love's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own,
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears

Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung:
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns and favours that deſire
Which there provokes th' adventurous youth to ſwim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greek's.
For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage, reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels:
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter States;
For England is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that land they know,
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the Roman bard; "all human things
"Of [illegible] value hang on ſlender ſtrings."

O ſee

O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heaven our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the News of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death.

SO earneſt with thy God! Can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
The ſacred wreſtler, till a bleſſing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven:
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtop'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lop'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim;
Though thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold Homer durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his * beſt pattern: of Patroclus ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal Hector's lance:
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
The famous painter † could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a Prince's face:

* Achilles. † Timanthes.

Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiſs.
Their Phœbus ſhould not act a fonder part
For the * fair boy, than he did for his hart:
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own, [known.
That kept from him wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been
He that with thine ſhall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his paſſion, nor his love, exceeds:
He curſt the moutains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe Ziba with his heir divide:
Where thy immortal love to thy bleſt frinds,
Like that of Heaven, upon their feed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd; and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from heaven; and taught
How ſome bright dame, compreſt by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

To the KING on his NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy ſpreads her canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings:
The French, and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.

* Cyparissus.

Ships

Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed:
Thou on the Deep impoſeſt nobler laws;
And by that juſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which, for rapine ſent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both thoſe fates, of ſtorms and piracy.
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation, as to touch our ſoil.
Should Nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid Main,
Thy power were ſafe; and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Thoſe towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's reſtorer once could not indure,
That finiſh'd Babel ſhould thoſe men ſecure,
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood:
To thee his choſen more indulgent, He
Dares truſt ſuch power with ſo much piety.

On the taking of SALLE.

OF Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch Worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beaſts, and monſters, as their force oppreſt,
Some places only, and ſome times, infeſt.
Salle, that ſcorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threatening with a rude
And ſavage race, ſucceſſively renew'd:
Their King deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide:
This peſt of mankind gives our Hero fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruel Agag ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword.
Juſt Charles like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled ſeas:
With ſhips, they made the ſpoiled merchants mourn;
With ſhips, their city and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged caſtles ſent
O'erthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For, not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the ſeas;
Like hungry wolves, thoſe pirates from our ſhore
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle, bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the ſea!

Mad

Mad Cacus ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's ſeed invades;
Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon, to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

Upon his Majeſty's repairing of ST. PAUL'S.

THAT ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon Melita's ſhore,
Than did his temple in the ſea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the firſt * Monarch of this happy Iſle,
Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
This work of coſt and piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
He, like Amphion, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in ſound.

* King James I.

Thoſe

Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were Charles-like Kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects' hearts their ſtrings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apoſtle; and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have borne her name:
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty, and greatneſs, of his mind:
Which, not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which, ſpouſe-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument or hand.
For, doubtful reaſon few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it ſhould amend:
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome ſoyereignty in rudeſt minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of Solomon, excell'd

His

His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The ſhowers long wanted they forget to ſend:
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The ſun, which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty cou'd ſo far extend:
The King built all; but Charles the weſtern-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!
Laomedon, that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him † that rules the ſacred day,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe: Troy wall'd ſo high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To ſee ſuch power employ'd in peaceful things:
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field;
The taſk is eaſier to deſtroy, than build.

* * * *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. * * * HORAT.

† Apollo.

To the QUEEN, occaſioned upon ſight of Her Majeſty's Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all acceſs, ſave by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted, Mighty Queen:
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!
As the bright ſun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful fear
In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;

With

With admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred Charles's) never love durſt fly.
Heaven, that prefer'd a ſcepter to your hand,
Favor'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire, both in heaven and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth, purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic Court:
There public care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs and his love,
And the free faith of your † Great Brother prove?
With his ‡ Achates, breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outſhine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So, when the fair Leucothoë he eſpy'd,

† Lewis XIII. K. of France. ‡ D. of Buckingham.

To

To check his ſteeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs Gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, till Piety and They return.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble neſt, lies ſilent in the field:
But if (the promiſe of a cloudleſs Day)
Aurora ſmiling bids her riſe and play;
Then ſtrait ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice:
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heaven her note ſhe fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the buſy throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th' ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muſe, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
Thoſe ſovereign beams, which heal the wounded ſoul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worm ſpy'd; ſuppoſing he had found

A moving

A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone;
For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone:
He held it dear, till, by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.
She ſaves the lover, as we gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High Heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe.
" Could nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with ſuch a face,
" Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
" Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
" What envious Power has plac'd this glorious light?"
Thus, in a ſtarry night fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the ſky;
Which, though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compaſſion, to mankind:
To whom, while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face;
For mercy has, could mercy's ſelf be ſeen,
No ſweeter look than this propitious Queen.
Such guard, and comfort, the diſtreſſed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers;
For all the miſerable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor ſheep from tempeſts, and their ſhepherds, ſhields:

The

The royal bird poſſeſſes all the boughs,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next!
For which ſo oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy blood:
What vaſt hopes may theſe iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus deſcended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our ſeas no longer ſhall our power confine.
A brave romance who would exactly frame
Firſt brings his knight from ſome immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield;
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the ſea:
The man † to whom great Maro gives ſuch fame,
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came:
And our next Charles, whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh, ſpring from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is thoſe breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil, and care:
Reſt to the limbs, and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,

* Thetis. † Enæas.

Whom

Whom Heaven, and her tranſcendent thoughts, have
Above thoſe ills which wretched mortals taſte. [plac'd
Bright as the deathleſs Gods, and happy, ſhe
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haſte obeys.
Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpenſe,
What dream can I preſent to recompenſe?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her command:
Or place her in Olympus' top, a gueſt
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem, that entertainment, ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent court:
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind:
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs ſkies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain ſupplies;
That cryſtal heaven, where Phœbus never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what ſo hard which Numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold * Mæonian made me dare to ſteep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of ſleep.

* Homer.

And, ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bower,
Where Gloriana their great miſtreſs lies:
But, gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; till the joyful ſun
Without a rival half his courſe has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

PUERPERIUM.

YE Gods, that have the power
To trouble and compoſe
All that's beneath your bower,
Calm ſilence on the ſeas, on earth, impoſe.

Fair Venus, in thy ſoft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt canſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs, give this thy ſacred iſland reſt,
Make heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care, our Halcyon, builds her neſt.

Great

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth;
Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE, upon her Landing.

GREAT Queen of Europe! whence thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:
As welcome thou to ſea-girt Britain's ſhore,
As erſt Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (though inrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſovereign bark, but where th' obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: here Berecynthia ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go:
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on Ambroſia fed.
Thy god-like race muſt ſway the age to come;
As ſhe Olympus peopled with her womb.

Would thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at her royal feet; compoſe their jars,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe wars:
The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhould wreſt
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
Our England's Prince and Gallia's Dolphin might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your * Tuſcan Muſe exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lye:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondering court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer, and conſent, to that report,
Which echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.

* Taſſo.

A rural

A rural judge * diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd was prefer'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial ſkies
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was ſo juſtly given
To the bright Carliſle of the Court of Heaven.

Carliſle! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their Amarillis, to reſound:
Carliſle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that 's worthy of the wound:
From Phœbus' rage our ſhadows, and our ſtreams,
May guard us better than from Carliſle's beams.

The Counteſs of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the ſun appear;
Heaven then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect.
A ſpark of virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity, is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get:
A Venus riſing from a ſea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit increaſe
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's deceaſe.

* Paris.

We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchiſes; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffus'd had marr'd the funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands,
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence can lay hold of none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove:
Who, by the power of his inchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe;
Inſtructing Princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious Queen reſort
To the † large-hearted Hebrew's famous Court.
Had Homer ſat amongſt his wondering gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendous feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charms, that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent Maſter's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part

* Venus. † Solomon.

From

From her lov'd brother, country, and the ſun;
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms: while the Pariſian dames
Mourn for the raviſh'd glory; at her flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With Heaven itſelf; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending Cynthia from her ſeat.

In anſwer to one who writ a Libel againſt the Counteſs of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of love?
Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt Pallas in thy breaſt did move
So blind a rage, with ſuch a different fate:
He honor won, where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

She gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy Arthur's ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foes, and won the doubtful field?
So ſhall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the ſkies;
  Rewarding Phœbus for inſpiring ſo
His noble brain, by likening to thoſe eyes
  His joyful beams: but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy ſight;
So ill thou rhym'ſt againſt ſo fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taſte of death that do at heaven arrive;
  But we this paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death, the dart of Love does ſtrike;
And renders all within theſe walls alike:
The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear.
All ſtand amaz'd, and, gazing on the Fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition loſe; and have no other ſcope,
Save Carliſle's favour to employ their hope.
The * Thracian could (though all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Fearleſs, and wrathleſs, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:

* Orpheus.

While

While ſhe with chearful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrſis threw;
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the * cold youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Prefer'd, to ſleeping on her breaſts.
Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carliſle's conquering eyes;
Which ſhe regards no more, than they
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea an uſeleſs ſhower;
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.

* Adonis.

Then,

Then, Phyllis, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But ſport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encountering face to face;
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loſs a ſea of tears is due:
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhowers, the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue would bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which dies,
Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious ſeas, and teach them not to rage.

The

The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly ſpoke
Before Rome's people; "We did oft implore,
"That if the heavens had any bad in ore
"For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
"On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill."
You on the barren ſeas, my Lord, have ſpent
Whole ſprings; and ſummers to the public lent:
Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhorten'd the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, leſs happy, men.
You, that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth, and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with Æmilian-courage bear this croſs,
Since public perſons only public loſs
Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble ſweetneſs, and that humble ſtate,
(All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate!)
Might give excuſe to any common breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt:
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act: it is enough her ſtone
May honour'd be with ſuperſcription

Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The great Northumberland to grieve, and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elyſian ſhades;
Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo; and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the Lethean lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair Eurydice ſucceed:
Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſtening trees and ſavage mountains groan:
Through all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature

Nature (her faireſt lights eclipſed) ſeems
Herſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threaten'd, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health, intend.
As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven contend:
Fold thee within their ſnowy arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs, and too young, to die.
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo fair a train
To be lamented, and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to the Bleſt? O'er her Adonis ſo
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious ſhower
Of her warm tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſue thee to the grave.
And now, relentleſs Fate about to end
The line, which backwards does ſo far extend
That antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes;
Kind Phœbus interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they

Like

Like Neptune, and his * ſea-born Niece, ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the land and ſea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

SONG.

STAY, Phœbus, ſtay!
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder, as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth ſnatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY'S Picture.

SUCH was Philoclea, and ſuch † Dorus' flame;
The ‡ matchleſs Sidney, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With ſuch extremes of excellence, compoſe;
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe!

* Venus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

Such

Such chearful modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artiſt took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd;
And, rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature, firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own houſe thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think;
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artiſan, whoſe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves!
From thy ſhop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo:
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace:

* Pyrocles and Muſidorus.

Nor

Nor ſcorn nor cruelty does find:
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou couldſt not, at one aſſay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we 'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliſs?
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs ſkill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill;
When nature's ſelf ſo often errs?
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth:

Which

Which waxed old, ere it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colors grow,
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe?
In lilies? or the fading roſe?
No; for this theft thou haſt climb'd higher,
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

AT PENS-HURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which theſe alleys have:
Embroider'd ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her preſence has ſuch more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudeſt place:
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did Orpheus' lyre:
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbors crowd:
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well-marſhal'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in ſound.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchleſs dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!——
Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal-making ſtars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love, whoſe hope ſhall ne'er riſe higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Pens-Hurſt groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely load;
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte, or eye,
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmleſs deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſtain;
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France, which keeps thee here.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe,
Which now exacts your preſence here;
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public and domeſtic care,

For

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of * Thetis' ſon,
(For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the great Ajax Telamon
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Thoſe Achive Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us ſo, when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun,
When Sirius does firſt appear.
O fix this flame; and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care!

Of the LADY who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himſelf in Sachariſſa's eyes.
As fair Aſtræa once from earth to heaven,
By ſtrife and loud impiety was driven:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wiſe Somnus to that paradiſe repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake,
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſoften limbs to hold;

* Achilles.

Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the ſkies
In darkning clouds, the power to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes, which ſo far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but theſe our ſoul!
Let her free ſpirit, whoſe unconquered breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt,
Know, that though Venus and her ſon ſhould ſpare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, ſuſpend her ſleep.

Of the Miſ-report of her being painted.

AS when a ſort of wolves infeſt the night,
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light;
The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from her eyes,
But never reach the miſtreſs of the ſkies:
So, with the news of Sachariſſa's wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues:
Call Love to witneſs, that no painted fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire:
While, unconcerned, ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new malice, than our loves before;
But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our paſſions, without ſmile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth ſo!
Paints her, 'tis true: with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colors through the flowery meads;
When laviſh nature with her beſt attire
Clothes the gay ſpring, the ſeaſon of deſire.

Paints

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn:
With the ſame art, wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

Of her paſſing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old Chaos (heaven with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd)
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright Sachariſſa far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard:
As ſhips, though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater favor this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants, than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding marble of her ſnowy breaſt.
While Love inſults, diſguiſed in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the wind her raviſh'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
Though loth he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs,
More loth he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe;
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure and excuſe.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE applied.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair Sachariſſa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus ſung the no leſs amorous boy;
Like Daphne ſhe, as lovely, and as coy!
With Numbers he the flying Nymph purſues;
With Numbers ſuch as Phœbus' ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chace, when love and fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel Fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet, what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain!
All, but the Nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrſis, Phœbique ſacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sachariſſæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua:

Paſcua: formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſanâ mente ſolebat.
Audîit illa procul miſerum, cytharamque ſonantem;
Audîit, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne ſua laurea Phœbus.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colors of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream:
Cruel Sachariſſa's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape;
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And, death reſembling, equals all.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,
Servant to SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-ſervant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care,
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints: nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.
So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt Perſian, or ſome weak-eyed Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their aſcending God adorns the eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, out-ſhines the reſt.

Thy

Thy ſkilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo
A thouſand Cupids in thoſe curls do ſit,
(Thoſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the Ball ſhe won:
Than Sachariſſa by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.

You the ſoft ſeaſon know, when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern Goddeſs: you, her prieſt, declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd lines which longer laſt than they.
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the chearful morn does firſt diſcloſe
(The ſhady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fiſhes' ſhells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels Greece and Troy beſtow'd
On * Sparta's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts: but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd:

* Helen.

Her

Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

AT PENS-HURST.

WHILE in the park I ſing, the liſtening deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear:
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the ſame:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bowers
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhowers.
To Thee a wild and cruel ſoul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe profeſs'd! why doſt thou falſly feign
Thyſelf a Sidney? from which noble ſtrain
* He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother, who ſo well does prove
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy and bounty, be ſuppoſ'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive: to no human ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs; but the rock
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe † healing ſprings;
Which not more help, than that deſtruction brings.

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge-Wells.

Thy

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion: now, my traiterous ſong
With thee conſpires, to do the ſinger wrong;
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath ſtill foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire!
This laſt complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt Apollo, preſident of verſe;
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to ſing;
Thus he adviſ'd me: "On yon aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the ſea;
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce at leaſt may with this paſſion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds and tempeſts does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he 'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or ſhadow of felicity?

That

That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, faireſt bloſſom! do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon:
The roſy morn reſigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And ſummer, though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrſis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love, and You.

Joy ſalutes me, when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look:

If ſweet Amoret complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains:
But for Sachariſſa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sachariſſa's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome Power above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſollicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazzled ſight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know!

Amoret! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which, but taſted, does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
Sacharisſa's beauty 's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to heaven excuſe
The devotion, which I uſe
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heaven itſelf be due,
To ſucceed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that 's not idolatry:
Which, though not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendſhip betwixt SACHARISSA and AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to yourſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled Love does come:
Where he finds a foreign gueſt;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her ſon ſo far;

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are ſo choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream, where none can ſay,
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret,

Amoret, my lovely foe!
  Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie?
Where the power that charms us ſo?
  In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone:
  Or thy grace in motion ſeen;
No ſuch wonders could be done;
  Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight, and clean,
As Cupid's ſhaft; or Hermes' rod:
  And powerful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what 's good, or fair!
Is Heaven become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,—to pretend?
  Hence, to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy beauties to impair: for Heaven
Sollicits thee with ſuch a care,
As roſes from the ſtalks we tear:
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh, as on the buſh they grew.
  With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,

That

That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear
Scorch more than when the ſkies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathleſs mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY thoſe already curs'd Eſſexian plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns,
Prove all a deſart! and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage beaſts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our iſland grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſterous wind.
Ah, cruel heaven! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows, and tears, we ſhould have ſought
That ſad decree's ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whiſper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.

That horrid word, at once, like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue:
That Death ſhould licence have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the young!
The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battle borne,
With goared hand, and veil ſo rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes may bleed.
All ſtand amazed! but beyond the reſt
Th' † heroic dame whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief, expoſtulates with Heaven;
Urging the promiſe to th' obſequious given,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious ſoul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to control.
A ſkilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face.
And ſweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So faſt, ſo faithful, loyal, and ſo true,
That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her courſe.
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here!

† Chriſtian Counteſs of Devonſhire.

And

And when this cloud of ſorrow 's over-blown,
Through the wide world we 'll make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our art, and power of ſpeech, is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal monuments of louder praiſe.
There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair Sachariſſa!—and now only fair!
To ſacred friendſhip we 'll an altar rear;
(Such as the Romans did erect of old:)
Where, on a marble pillar, ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs Pair.
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than your's to her fair mind;
Save that ſhe grac'd the ſeveral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs virgin, and a faultleſs wife;
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee:
(Alas that ſuch the laſt farewel ſhould be!)
So look'd Aſtræa, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind.
Conſent in virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpite of death, does laſt:
For, as your tears, and ſorrow-wounded ſoul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:

So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well-choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the ſky.
Then grieve no more, that one ſo heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd.
Rather, ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wondrous beauty, and her goodneſs, merit
We ſhould ſuppoſe, that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that cœleſtial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how heaven ſmiles
Upon thoſe late-diſcover'd iles.

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
Seas ſtain'd with gore I ſing, adventurous toil!
And how theſe monſters did diſarm an iſle.
Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know?
That happy iſland! where huge lemons grow;
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Heſperian garden boaſts of none ſo fair:
Where ſhining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich ſhore, of amber-gris, is found.

The

The lofty cedar, which to heaven aſpires,
The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The ſmoke, by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The ſweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit, carouſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans ſhow;
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at ſome conſtant ſeaſons every year,
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To Engliſh landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons, and ſweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:

For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame trees live;
At once they promiſe, what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime,;
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte:
There, a ſmall grain, in ſome few months, will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The Palma-Chriſti, and the fair papà,
Now but a ſeed (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes:
While the ſupporter of the Poet's ſtyle,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet, and beſt of paſſions, love.
There will I ſing, [illegible] gentle Love be by,
The [illegible] winds the ſtring ſo high;

With

With the ſweet ſound of Sachariſſa's name,
I'll make the liſtening ſavages grow tame.—
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Diſcover'd were, this Canto ſhows.

THOUGH rocks ſo high about this iſland riſe,
That well they may the numerous Turk deſpiſe;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear;
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the iſle they hear
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know
From what blind cauſe th' unwonted ſound may grow;
At length two monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhore, a fiſherman eſpies;
Two mighty whales! which ſwelling ſeas had toſt,
And left them priſoners on the rocky coaſt.
One, as a mountain vaſt; and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murther'd on the ſhore:
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt,
The fate of ſhips, and ſhip-wreck'd men, to taſte.

As careleſs dames, whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there ſometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes; when the whales
Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels, quaſh'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:
Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd;
Like hills with earthquakes, ſhaken, torn, and ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news, through all the nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil;
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold—before he caught the beaſt!
They man their boats, and all the young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts that wound ſo far;
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to ſhow
What love, or honour, could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely laſſes, crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's ſhare:

Warwick's

Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

THE boat, which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd,
Loud, as the ſea that nouriſh'd him, he roar'd.
As a broad bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt,
Vex'd with unwónted heat, he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barbed javelin ſtung, he raves;
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuffering waves.
Like Spenſer's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd,

The

The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe would
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud:
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd the ſeas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt, though the winds be ſtill.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake;
A priſoner there, but for his mother's ſake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances ſpent, one, bolder than the reſt,
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oily ſide devours both blade and heft:
And there his ſteel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:

Blood

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight:
She ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heaven, that heaven men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her ſide ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Haſtes to her aid: the pious * Trojan ſo,
Neglecting for Creüſa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amazed bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters, human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs what the Grecian ſung,
That Love's bright mother from the ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore, again
Through rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the Main.
But how inſtructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?

* Æneas.

Not

Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous ſon protected ſo;
They charge their muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh, of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend,
For the loud engines which their iſle defend:
But what thoſe Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales.
Great Neptune will not have us know; who ſends
A tide ſo high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but, if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and lick his face:
Wrap'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

OF

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in haſty words, or blows,
Itſelf diſcharges on our foes:
And ſorrow too finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redreſs does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold:
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who firſt the generous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants' force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigor here.
Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young;

And

And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe, and ſilent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies; he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were:
And that a more majeſtic Queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, he had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul; and made me bow,
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.
So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs; reſolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untaſted ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than Time:
Change in love to heaven does climb;
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our paſt deſire:
On what ſhepherd you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd.
Leave it to the planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes.
Who hears this told, and does not ſtrait ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize and to inſtruct the North?
Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And though he be the patron of that ſpring,
Where in calm peace the ſacred virgins ſing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and caſt the ambitious giant down.
Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great ſoul thou art (longing to twiſt
Bays with that ivy, which ſo early kiſs'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee!
To fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt
Among the throng, as cheaply as the reſt:
Where oaks and brambles (if the copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our iſland ſo!
Guarded with ſhips, and all the ſea our own,
From Heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the * fair Hebrew ſtand;

* Rebekah.

When

When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heaven ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood:
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours; who ere long ſhall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.
A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirſt, redreſs;
And with Divinity rewards exceſs.
Deſerted Ariadne, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd Theſeus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inſpires.

Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

SONG.

I.

CHLORIS farewel! I now muſt go:
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A ſervant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

V. For

V.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris, no: I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn;
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

VII.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute.

SUCH moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiſs aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and, while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſtening deer:
Muſic ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

CHLORIS, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a ſpirit, with this ſpell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Echo with ſo ſweet a grace
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air:
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?
So, when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls

For

For human aid; which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came:
But, if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the MARRIAGE of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out, this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows fly
Of ſad diſtruſt, and jealouſy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the faireſt nymphs do ſhow
Like moving mountains topp'd with ſnow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, Chloris! that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for ourſelves us two,
As love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave:
Reſolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes, could have o'erthrown:
The nymph I dare not, need not, name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires;
Grown and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe;
Though from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heaven endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer ere the ſpring 's begun:
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad:
So, meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrap'd my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now:
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find;
And you not bluſh, or think yourſelf too kind.

Who

Who now, I fear, while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard itſelf, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n ſnow.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my heart:
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.

Fool that I was! ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe:
Fool! that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
For you, that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our ſkill:
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Againſt a wind-mill our vain lance.
Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at every Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawleſs as the ſea or wind)
Purſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapors are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpacious air
Jove's royal conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such

Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your Thyrſis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her; but for the Fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory, one, we ſee,
Purſues a nymph, and takes a tree:
A ſecond, with a lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt, appears a wandering ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed Love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And ſtands amaz'd, to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.
To theſe old tales ſuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he 'll not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure lovers know;

Who,

Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My wary heart:
The ſun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make Thyrſis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

III.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

THE FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay!
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the nymph's ſtain'd garment! Here
The coming ſpring would firſt appear;
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus ſmil'd, to ſee blind Chance
Itſelf, before her Son, advance;
And a fair image to preſent,
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant.
'Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay
Of which they were compoſed lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the firſt patterns of our race.

Then bluſh not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he 'll tremble ſtrait:
How could he then ſupport your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd?
If aught by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

OF SYLVIA.

OUR ſighs are heard, juſt Heaven declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers' cares;
She that has ſo far the reſt outſhin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while ſhe was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now.
So when the ſky makes us endure
A ſtorm, itſelf becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's ſelf her name;
Leſt ſhe, provoking heaven, ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their grief untold, ſhould pine and die;
Than her bright morning, overcaſt
With ſullen clouds, ſhould be defac'd.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming roſe,
This early bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it, though no better grown;
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon:
All that was meant by air or ſun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of love,
Of pureſt love, and muſic too,
When Flavia it aſpires to move?
When that, which lifeleſs buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades?

SONG.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty toſt!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heaven the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps, this artful way:
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:

To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the Diſcovery of a Lady's PAINTING.

PYGMALEON's fate revers'd is mine:
His marble love took fleſh and blood;
All that I worſhip'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narciſſus did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The ſign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel!

TO A LADY,
From whom he received a Silver Pen.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The ſilver favour which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave:
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip, in theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs,
That your great ſelf did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and ſtate, while no wind blows;
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure, from her yielding boughs.

SONG.

WHILE I liſten to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay:
That powerful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound!

Peace,

Peace, Chloris, peace! or ſinging die;
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the Bleſſed do above
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch'd from myſelf, how far behind
Already I behold the ſhore!

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of this Deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſs, and ſo clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ſhip-wreck'd veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, truth, and every grace,
Which time, and uſe, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil ſlow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a ſingle look, inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

THE SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you leſs,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But, to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the ſpring, from the new ſun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has ſhot:

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you:
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made—to love you too.

SONG.

SONG.

GO, lovely roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time, and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet, and fair, ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair!

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on ſilver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine;
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note; and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief.
She that had all which nature gives, or chance;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt Miſtreſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood;
And in high grace with Gloriana ſtood:

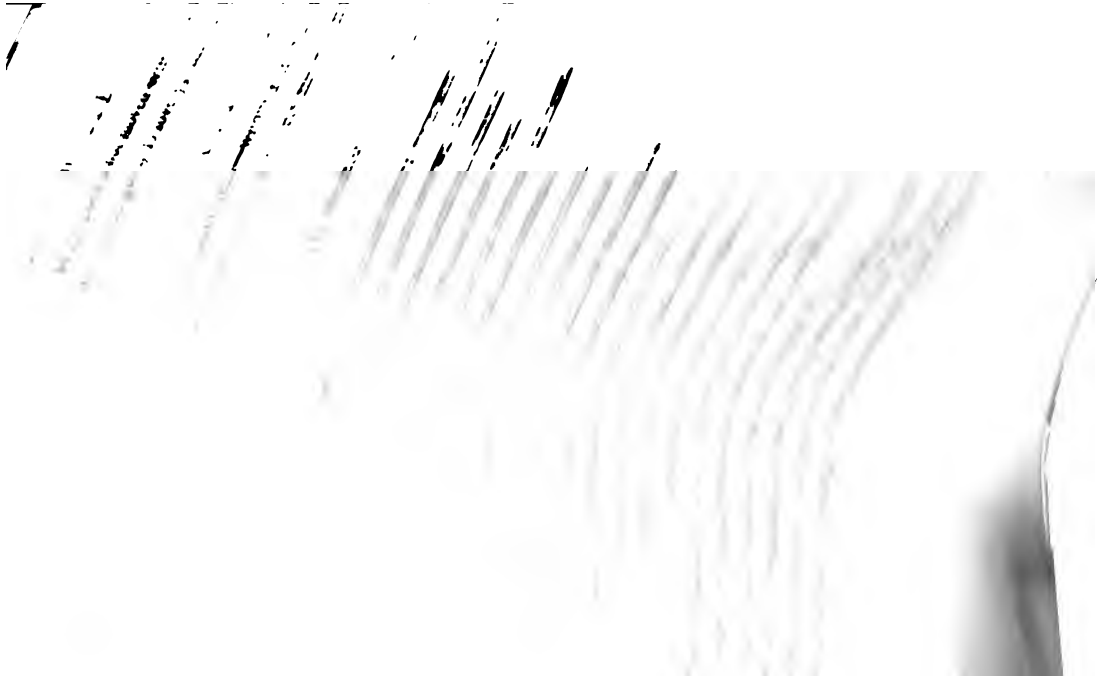
Her

Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her happineſs too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in the ſpan of life,
That though few years (too few alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until autumn, on the bough ſhould grow:
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eaſily forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet, a ſeat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem, and ſlow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wondering eyes!
But ſince the * Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe, ſad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The liſtening trees, and ſavage mountains, groan;

* Parcæ.



To a LADY in Retirement.

E S not my Love, how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flowers?
ugh none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
'et muſt they live but ſome few hours;
'ime, what we forbear, devours!

.d Helen, or th' * Egyptian Queen,
Been near ſo thrifty of their graces;
'hoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs ſhower,
Upon the autumn, or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit nor flower;
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion;
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

* Cleopatra.

The MISER'S SPEECH; in a Maſque.

BALLS of this metal ſlack'd Atlanta's pace,
And on the * amorous youth beſtow'd the race:
Venus (the nymph's mind meaſuring by her own)
Whom the rich ſpoils of cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to Mars, could well adviſe
Th' adventurous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor leſs may Jupiter to gold aſcribe:
For, when he turn'd himſelf into a bribe,
Who can blame Danaë, or the brazen tower,
That they withſtood not that almighty ſhower?
Never till then, did Love make Jove put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Thoſe aſs's ears on Midas' temples hung:
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew metal like his diſh.
Would Bacchus bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd, and diſpleas'd, with her own faults, endures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.

* Hippomenes.

Thou

Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That whate'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know)
Is repreſented to the wondering eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy comedies.
Whoever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind:
And, by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler part.
Narciſſus, cozen'd by that flattering Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcovering the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac'd.
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate 's no leſs peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldſt all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which ſtill eſcapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of ſhapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage;
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No Worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.
What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable * Maid.
And, when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and mar'd
Our sport in Plays, by rendering it too hard!
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts:
But, if some brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

* The Maid's Tragedy.

TO

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

On his TRANSLATION of ſome Parts of the BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
Of angels, who their ſongs admire!
Whatever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with Heaven conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.
Say, ſacred Bard! what could beſtow
Courage, on thee, to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this torch, thou haſt climb'd higher
Than * he who ſtole celeſtial fire.

* Prometheus.

TO

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

Who had then newly ſet a Song of mine, in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low:
But if a trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Airs our Numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While Love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.
You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that Song, which was but Rhyme:
Noy * pleading, no man doubts the cauſe;
Or queſtions verſes ſet by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint:
So others, with diviſion, hide
The light of ſenſe, the Poets' pride:
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writer's and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.

* The Attorney General.

Let

Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*:
Let words and ſenſe be ſet by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,
Upon his Two Firſt Books of GONDIBERT, written in FRANCE.

THUS the wiſe nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when ſtorms and winter come;
Purſuing conſtantly the chearful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.
The drooping Hebrews' baniſh'd harps, unſtrung
At Babylon, upon the willows hung:
Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No leſs in courage, than in ſinging well;
While, unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you:
Who, with the Muſes' help, can mock thoſe fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and diſorder ſtates.
So Ovid, when from Cæſar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muſe to Pontus with him led:
Where he ſo ſung, that we, through pity's glaſs,
See Nero milder than Auguſtus was.
Hereafter ſuch, in thy behalf, ſhall be
Th' indulgent cenſure of poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curſe doth bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their preſent youth be taught.

This

To his worthy Friend Maſter EVELYN, Upon his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS (with a ſtork-like fate,
Born and tranſlated in a ſtate)
Comes to proclaim in Engliſh verſe,
No monarch rules the univerſe:
But chance and atoms make this ALL
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their courſe,
Without deſign, or fate, or force.
And this in ſuch a ſtrain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with Angels' wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt ſphere,
And other worlds diſcover'd there.
For his immortal, boundleſs wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars
Of heaven, and earth, and ſeas, and ſtars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
Till his free Muſe threw down the pale,
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe author did eſteem
The Roman language (which was ſpread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.

This

This ſpeaks thy glory, noble friend!
And Britiſh language does commend:
For here, Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, Virgil too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace ſpar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort, did ſtand
Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own.

To his worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS, Upon his Tranſlation of the VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE * winged lion's not ſo fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand preſents him to our ſight:
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as Buſinello's verſe:
But your tranſlation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Buſinel.

* The Arms of Venice.

As their ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air:
So does th' Italian to your genius veil,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus, while your Muſe ſpreads the Venetian ſtory,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them bluſh, weak Venice ſhould defend
The cauſe of heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Chriſtian blood, and populous cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome different phraſe.
If, liſtening to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the Turk diſcharge theſe wars;
Our Britiſh arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the eaſt:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Taſſo celebrate the fight.

* VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,
On his taking the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the Year 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of Jove;
Pallas and Mars ſtood by their ſovereign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd:

While

* This little Poem (firſt inſerted among Waller's Works in 1772) was printed, together with ſeveral others on the ſame occaſion, by Dr. Rogers, along with

While the wiſe Phœbus, Hermes, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muſes beſt,
Deſcending from their ſo diſtemper'd ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt Apollo try'd the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that Art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble Freind;
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd;
Since it appears not all the Engliſh rave,
To ruin bent: ſome ſtudy how to ſave;
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Freind, ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm, and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

with his inaugural exerciſe at Padua; and afterwards in the ſame manner re-publiſhed by him at London, together with his Harveian Oration before the College of Phyſicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living. Though the above verſes were firſt printed in 1664, they ſeem to have been written before the Reſtoration, as appears from the lines towards the concluſion. STOCKDALE.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

Made to a Saràband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt! you know, the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flowers the bees do compoſe:
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:
So, love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the birds which chaunt in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring:
Time from yourſelf does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay ſpring:

She

She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

In Anſwer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verſes.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth, and aſk no more; be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

CON.

The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride: and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

PRO.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
Be ſtyled virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But---to ſleep better: for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himſelf aſleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys;
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit: this once paſt,
What reliſhes? ev'n kiſſes loſe their taſte.

PRO.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy:
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'cauſe ſurfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy pair,
Whoſe joys juſt Hymen warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?

CON.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homelieſt thing that mankind does, is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, children there muſt be.——
So muſt bread too: but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping hine
Gets of my pregnant land, muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not ſo;
For when Anchiſes did fair Venus know,
What intereſt had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the preſent joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or ſcenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

PRO.

Plays and Romances, read and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not ſeen at all,

Whom

Whom would they pleaſe? To an heroic tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heaven to thoſe that now are there.

CON.

And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs: ſo here, reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

PRO.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly proſpects, who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our ſight:
Where you ſtand wilely winking, that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.

CON.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He 's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

PRO.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he that dares not touch, nor uſe his ſtore.

TO A FRIEND,

Of the different Succeſs of their Loves.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart-ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love 's an art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th' experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I, with a different fate, purſued in vain
The haughty Cælia; till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion borne,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now, than my vows and ſervice did before.
So, in ſome well-wrought hangings, you may ſee
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here, the fierce Mars his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from heaven the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremoſt in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are;
In love, the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly:
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

* Minerva.

An

An APOLOGY for having loved before.

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurprizing juice,
To the firſt delicious cup
All their reaſon render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the firſt that 's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light:
Then, at Aurora, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing toward the eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe:

He

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmoſt ſight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a prince!—alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter-bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall!
Nor all appear among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughs is ſpread;
But virtues, which in parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft thoſe graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led:
* He that the world ſubdued, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.

* Alexander.

'Tis

'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies:
To the old Heroes hence was given
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty too, in ſuch exceſs,
As yours, Zelinda! claims no leſs:
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove,
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with Jove:
And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her ſpouſe's ſhape and name:
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

To my Lady MORTON, on NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;
Still as they paſs, they court and ſmile on you;
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer;
And fairer Morton now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.

But

But thus to ſtyle you fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the General's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory 's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Though a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand:
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did ſhrowd
The ‡ hope of Rome, and ſav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to ſcape,
When through the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted; and that lofty tree

* Henrietta Maria, youngeſt Daughter to K. Ch. I.
† K. Charles II.
‡ Æneas.

Which

Which holds her neſt about to be oe'rthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Though now ſhe flies her native iſle (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty 's blown,
See her great Brother on the Britiſh throne:
Where peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

Playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that ſuch horror, and ſuch grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at love, and play with ſnakes.

By this, and by her coldneſs, barr'd,
Her ſervants have a taſk too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice

Thrice happy ſnake! that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that neſt of ſnow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this ſnake:
A marble one, ſo warm'd, would ſpeak.

THE NIGHT-PIECE,

Or, a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which faireſt nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thouſand captives make.
Her ſpeech is grac'd with ſweeter ſound,
Than in another's ſong is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright ſtars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accompliſh'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find.

Which

Which by the ſplendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her ſhining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage ſet,
Her beauty by the ſhade does get:
There, bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that our paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Preſents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whiſpers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are ſo keen!)
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen.
All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ſhip-wreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his ſail;
Till he arrive where ſhe muſt prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.
So, we th' Arabian coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow;
By the rich odour taught to ſteer,
Though neither day nor ſtars appear.

Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS tranſlated.

Beginning at Verſe 437:

" * * * * Taleſque miſerrima fletus
" Fertque refertque ſoror. * * * * "

And ending with

" Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt." Ver. 583.

ALL this her weeping * ſiſter does repeat
To the ſtern † man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had ſtopt his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on every ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heaven to hate.

* Anna. † Æneas.

Her

Her reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter, knows.
Beſides, there ſtood, as ſacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which ſhe much ador'd;
With ſnowy fleeces and freſh garlands crown'd;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deſerted to herſelf ſhe ſeems;
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
Orreſtes ſo, with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved ſiſter, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear ſiſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Æthiopia lies
The place where Atlas does ſupport the ſkies:

* Sichæus.

Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Heſperian fruit, and made the dragon ſleep:
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe lifts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve:
The courſe of rivers, and of heaven, can ſtop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witneſs, ye Gods! and thou, my deareſt part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the pile be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raſe the man out of our memory.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round;
So by herſelf was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith ſoon ſhe dies.
They by the altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magic propheteſs begins her prayer:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.

She

She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time, when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful temples in the dew of Sleep:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep ſilence fell:
But not on Dido! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted, ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or, ſhall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough; by ſad experience! known
The perjur'd race of falſe Laomedon?
With my Sidonians ſhall I give them chace,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No—die! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah ſiſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.

Had I been conſtant to Sichæus ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the Dardanian does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the ſon of Jove appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
Fair Venus' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the God in ſhades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouſing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas ſpread:
What God ſoe'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Through all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the luſty Trojans ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

On

On the Picture of a FAIR YOUTH, Taken after he was Dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow:
So love and beauty ſtill that viſage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;
When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No buſineſs had, but to perſuade that dame;
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

On a BREDE of divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine:
As nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train dis-ſpread,
He wooes the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which ſo adorns the ſkies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the preſent Greatneſs, and joint Intereſt, of his HIGHNESS and this Nation.

WHILE with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain:
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune ſhew'd his face
To chide the winds, and ſave the Trojan race:
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition, toſſing us, repreſt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate;
The ſeat of empire, where the Iriſh come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The ſea 's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance Europe, and her ſtates to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain ſmile;
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Iſle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour, at your Court;
And then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame, ſwifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine uſe.

With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt:
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea;
And every coaſt may trouble, or relieve:
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive:
While we deſcend at pleaſure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that 's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the ſky;
So, what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot Arabia's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Perſian ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims:
Ours is the harveſt where the Indians mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flouriſh'd; and now You:
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the Grecian ſtate,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wiſt not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike Perſian and the Mede;
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our Engliſh iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun; but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Iriſh, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate:
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the ſea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terror and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their noiſe:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can whom he conquers ſpare.

To pardon, willing; and to puniſh, loth;
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age miſled,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread;
The only cure, which could from heaven come down,
Was ſo much power and piety in one!

One! whoſe extraction from an antient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine:
The meaneſt, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſpirit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give,
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons, ſhould live:
Born to command, your Princely virtues ſlept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſperous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when, without noiſe,
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory:
But living virtue, all atchievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill, to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found: and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage:
Miſtaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars:
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great ſenate could not wield that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
Of victorious armies, but by you?

You

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſpirits compoſe:
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into Auguſtus' arms did caſt:
So England now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choak
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And every conqueror creates a Muſe:
Here in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Of

Of a War with Spain, and Fight at Sea.

NOW, for ſome ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain;
While ſhe bid war to all, that durſt ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made die.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taſte;
And the beſt portion of the earth lay waſte.
From the new world, her ſilver and her gold
Came, like a tempeſt, to confound the old.
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone ſhe gives us Emperors and Popes:
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded majeſty of Spain;
And knowing well that empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin;
Our nation's ſolid virtue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the world's repoſe.
And now ſome months, incamping on the Main,
Our naval army had beſieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd;
From whence our red Croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the ocean as their road,
Only the Engliſh make it their abode:

Whoſe

Whoſe ready ſails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconſtant ſky:
Our oaks ſecure, as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.

Mean-while, the Spaniards in America
Near to the Line the ſun approaching ſaw;
And hop'd their European coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons ſtuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhips of ours (though out of view)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragic play,
And with their ſmoky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different ſtars, one fate they have;
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,

In

In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or ſea!
What they would ſpare, our fiercer art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror and in noiſe.
Once Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, Heaven in vain that kind retreat ſhould found:
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize: while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore,
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies ſafer in the Deep:
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richeſt prize
Fell, with the nobleſt of our enemies:
The * Marquis (glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent,
To periſh in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's ſide;
And, ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry;
And, phœnix-like, in that rich neſt they die:

* Of Bajadoz.

Alive,

Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to aſhes turn'd:
Aſhes! more worth than all their funeral coſt;
Than the huge treaſure which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying lovers, and their floating ſons,
Suſpend the fight, and ſilence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to periſh, finds
Such noble pity in brave Engliſh minds;
That (the rich ſpoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to ſave their enemies.
How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the ſea bluſh with blood, reſign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With theſe returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath ſuch wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermin clad and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre, made of Spaniſh gold.

Upon

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE muſt reſign! Heaven his great ſoul doth claim
In ſtorms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our Iſle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air.—So Romulus was loſt!
New Rome in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her King;
And, from obeying, fell to worſhiping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him ſpread.
The poplar too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent.
Raviſh'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his laſt legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his lateſt toil;
Nor hath he left us priſoners to our Iſle:
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke:
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country ſhow'd
The antient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.

Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,
That, to remoteſt ſhores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

Upon his MAJESTY'S happy Return.

THE riſing ſun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhews his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his haſty beams would do.
But your full majeſty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of your ſtate,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverſe Fate!)
With ſuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurprize;
That, if your grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not, Sir! too haſtily forgive.
Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Eſther, does before you ſtand,
Watching your ſceptre: the revolted ſea
Trembles, to think ſhe did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the ſcorn and hate

Of

Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would ſink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant-Iſle has got her eye again.
Now, ſhe might ſpare the ocean; and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder ſhall.
Princes that ſaw you different paſſions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our ſorrow and our crime,
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without you here; yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign:
For, having view'd the perſons and the things,
The councils, ſtate, and ſtrength, of Europe's Kings,
You know your work; ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heaven does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice, taught.
So the laſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd:
He ripens ſpices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remoteſt regions hither comes.

This feat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here; your power and ſkill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-ſuffering Monarch! the firſt Engliſh-born,
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience with the barbarous rage
Of your own ſoil contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue and your ſacred word
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies and fleets, which kept you out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtrait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire;
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that 's built upon 't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.

If then ſuch praiſe the * Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot;

* Alexander.

What

What glory 's due to him, that could divide
Such ravel'd intereſts? has the knot unty'd,
And, without ſtroke, ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where craft and malice ſuch impeachments laid?
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To His high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd Jericho ſo lów:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go;
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, though your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought ſceptre grace
That ſuffers beſt: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune now ſhe 's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd.
While, to yourſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts fall to the people's ſhare.
Safety and equal government are things
Which ſubjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, law, and piety (that baniſh'd train!)
Juſtice and truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's eaſy life,
Once more ſhall flouriſh, without fraud or ſtrife.
Your reign no leſs aſſures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm ſun advances his increaſe;
And does the ſhepherds as ſecurely keep,
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.
But above all, the Muſe-inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again:
Kind Heaven at once has, in your perſon, ſent
Their ſacred judge, their guard, and argument.

" Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
" Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
" Claſorum apparent * * * *" HORAT.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

As lately improved by his MAJESTY.

OF the firſt paradiſe there 's nothing found,
Plants ſet by Heaven are vaniſh'd, and the ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts: who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of rivers rolling by the ſide
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The ſea, which always ſerv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers old as ſeas, to which they go,

Are

Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand.
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous ſhade:
The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes:
While overhead a flock of new-ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun controul,
Darkening the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a ſhoal of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The Ladies angling in the cryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fiſhes and the men their prize.
A thouſand Cupids on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide:
From Thetis ſent as ſpies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.

All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may deſcry;
The choiceſt things that furniſh'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harveſt of cold months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the royal cup:
There ice, like cryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot July with December's froſt;
Winter's dark priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm ſpring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.
Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy,
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force employ:
His manly poſture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his motions ſeen;
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got,
As from a ſmoking culverin 'twere ſhot.
Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold ſons of earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.

In

In ſuch green palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And, by frequenting ſacred groves, grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighbouring Princes' fates:
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous ſhade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;
The ſtructure by a * Prelate rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capital:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like Gods, like mortals there they ſleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Thoſe ſuns of empire! where they riſe, they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The crown ſhould triumph over popular rage:

* Cardinal Wolſey. † Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Hard

Hard by that * Houſe where all our ills were ſhap'd,
Th' auſpicious temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So, ſnow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and ſcatter'd cinders fly;
The diſtant country in the ruin ſhares,
What falls from heaven the burning mountain ſpares.
Next, that † capacious Hall he ſees, the room
Where the whole nation does for juſtice come:
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here like the people's paſtor he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find:
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks:
How peaceful olives may his temples ſhade,
For mending laws, and for reſtoring trade:
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing kingdoms, and of falling ſtates:
What ruling arts gave great Auguſtus fame;
And how Alcides purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes, upon his ‡ native Palace bent,
Cloſe by, ſuggeſts a greater argument:

* H. of Commons. † Weſtminſter-hall. ‡ St. James's.

His

His thoughts riſe higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that ſtar expect,
Which at his birth appear'd; to let us ſee,
Day, for his ſake, could with the night agree:
A Prince, on whom ſuch different lights did ſmile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heaven, or high-extracted blood,
Could promiſe, or foretel, he will make good:
Reform theſe nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

Of the Invaſion and Defeat of the TURKS, in the Year 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a ſafe delight
Purſuing beaſts, that ſave themſelves by flight;
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Chriſtians chaſe, and ſacrifice to fame.
A Prince, with eunuchs and the ſofter ſex
Shut up ſo long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heaven,
Forget the truce for which his oath was given.
His Grand Viſier, preſuming to inveſt
The chief * imperial city of the Weſt,
With the firſt charge compell'd in haſte to riſe,
His treaſure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The ſtandard loſt, and Janizaries ſlain,
Render the hopes he gave his maſter vain.

* Vienna.

The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs, that ſo often brings
Down from the throne their unſucceſsful Kings.

The trembling Sultan 's forc'd to expiate
His own ill-conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Viſier, a tyrant, though a ſlave,
A fair example to his maſter gave;
He Baſſas' heads, to ſave his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preſerve, muſt die.

The fatal bow-ſtring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he ſo unjuſtly fought:
Made the world tremble with a numerous hoſt,
And of undoubted victory did boaſt.
Strangled he lies! yet ſeems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and inſtruct the proud,
That of the Great, neglecting to be juſt,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of duſt.

The Turks ſo low, why ſhould the Chriſtians loſe
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their preſent ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with ſhame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by ſuch a lion led.
He Rhodes and Buda from the Chriſtians tore,
Which timely union might again reſtore.

But, ſparing Turks, as if with rage poſſeſt,
The Chriſtians periſh, by themſelves oppreſt:
Cities and provinces ſo dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!

What

What Angel ſhall deſcend, to reconcile
The Chriſtian-ſtates, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from Heaven we cannot aſk,
Than Britain's King, for ſuch a glorious taſk:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind.
His warrant does the Chriſtian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is ſign'd, and Britain does obtain,
What Rome had fought from her fierce ſons in vain.

In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And ſoldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this ſucceſsful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accompliſh'd by his royal word,
Without unſheathing the deſtructive ſword:
Without a tax upon his ſubjects laid,
Their peace diſturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to ſuch a Prince deny,
With whoſe deſires the greateſt Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to Heaven, than to the ſword,
The wiſh'd return of ſo benign a Lord.

Charles, by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique Heroes ſhall be plac'd.
What Theſeus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
Which on the Turks ſhall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monſters ſlain.

Thoſe

Thoſe are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

TO THE QUEEN,

Upon her MAJESTY's Birth-day, after her happy Recovery from a dangerous Sickneſs.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd ſo
The faireſt light the world can ſhow.
Welcome the new! whoſe every day,
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away
By pining ſickneſs from the Fair,
That matchleſs beauty does repair;
So faſt, that the approaching ſpring
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We, that eſteem'd you ſent from Heaven,
A pattern to this Iſland given;
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure;
And tremble yet, as not ſecure.
So, though the ſun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipſe ſet free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help ſo near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindneſs of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reſerv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd than all theſe kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the ſhower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT to her MAJESTY, on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' Infanta here.
May all thoſe years, which Catharine
The Martyr did for heaven reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!

May Heaven itſelf content
With Catharine the Saint!

Without

Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

OF HER MAJESTY,
On NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd, ſince we firſt ſaw the Queen!
She, like the Sun, does ſtill the ſame appear;
Bright as ſhe was at her arrival here!
Time has commiſſion mortals to impair,
But things coeleſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.

May every new year find her ſtill the ſame,
In health and beauty, as ſhe hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
Firſt of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like conſent, and like deſert, was crown'd
The * glorious Prince, that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chaces vice away.
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

* John Sobieſki, K. of Poland.

OF TEA,
Commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which ſhe vouchſafes to praiſe.
The beſt of Queens, and beſt of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did ſhow
To the fair region, where the ſun does riſe;
Whoſe rich productions we ſo juſtly prize.
The Muſe's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repreſs theſe vapours which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the ſoul ſerene,
Fit, on her Birth-day, to ſalute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors:
Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majeſtic frown;
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look, which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here; and give a gentler ſmile!
Such as we ſee great Jove's in picture, while
He liſtens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the Stage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as love and fortune will:
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own cloaths more ſerious, and more wiſe.

Modeſt at home, upon the Stage more bold;
We ſeem warm lovers, though our breaſts be cold;
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we 're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince of ORANGE: And of her Portrait written by the late Ducheſs of YORK while ſhe lived with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempeſts the ſupport,
In peace the glory, of the Britiſh Court!
Into whoſe arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or ſacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your bounty hear,
Will think you miſtreſs of the Indies were:
Though ſtreighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
Like the bleſt oil, the widow's laſting feaſt,
Your treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While ſome your beauty, ſome your bounty ſing,
Your native Iſle does with your praiſes ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in ſuch a ſtrain,
As none but ſhe, who in that court did dwell,
Could know ſuch worth; or worth deſcribe ſo well.
So, while we mortals here at heaven do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs than the place expreſs;
Some angel, a domeſtic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath ſeen and known.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

TO

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,
when she was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the light of your fair eyes.
In English too your early wit was shown:
Favour that language! which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain,
Whom she first bred, within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell——
Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewel!

Upon her * MAJESTY'S new Buildings at SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our Island bless,
With Princes and with Palaces:
Treated so ill, chac'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;

* Henrietta Maria, Q. Dowager of K. Charles I.

And, with a brave revenge, do ſhow
Their glory went and came with you.
  While peace from hence, and you, were gone,
Your houſes in that ſtorm o'erthrown,
Thoſe wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.
  Conſtant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Though by rude hands their neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next ſpring, again they build.
  Accuſing ſome malignant ſtar,
Not Britain, for that fatal war;
Your kindneſs baniſhes your fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here.
  But what new Mine this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from ruin riſe?
This like the firſt creation ſhows,
As if at your command it roſe.
  Frugality and bounty too,
(Thoſe different virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, ſtore,
You both employ and feed the poor.
  Let foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of pride and coſt;
Of vaſter fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.
  This, by the Queen herſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The ſtate and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.

Each

Each part with juſt proportion grac'd;
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we deſcry;
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend;
All ſeems before her feet to bend:
And here, as ſhe was born, ſhe lies;
High, without taking pains to riſe.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of ink preſerve it white:
Whoſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow,
Like track of leverets in morning ſnow.
Love's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot, or blemiſh, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make;
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake:
Whoſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
Like ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the foreſt dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the foreſt too.

TO A LADY,

From whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many years had been loſt.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they ſubdue become their ſpies:
Secrets, as choiceſt jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the Fair:
No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where ſouls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men ſay the Goddeſs ſat)
Was loſt, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can reſtore;
The heart you get returns no more.

OF THE LADY MARY,

Princeſs of ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A royal Hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppoſe
  Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
  Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
  Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
  Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has;
  In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Auguſtus was,
  Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
  Bloſſoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
  His flowery youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
  In Holland are, by great Naſſaw:
Like thoſe he ſprung from, juſt and mild,
  To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! ſo near ally'd,
  In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd
  May none this triple knot undo!

The Church ſhall be the happy place
  Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
  Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all:
For, while he thus his niece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had their's been ſuch as Charles has made,
That mighty ſtate till now had ſtood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, 1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppreſt,
No longer could ſuſtain their weight;
To a native Prince they thought it beſt
To recommend their dying ſtate.

Your very name did France expel;
Thoſe conquer'd towns which lately coſt
So little blood, unto you fell
With the ſame eaſe they once were loſt.

'Twas

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your ſword nor fire;
But ſeemed willing to retreat,
And to your greatneſs did conſpire.

Nor have you ſince ingrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expoſe,
And at Mount Caſſal, your own men,
Whereby you might ſecure your foes.

Let Maeſtricht ſiege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And Parthian-like their foes deſtroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gaſping lay;
In council ſlow, in action cold,
His country ſav'd, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by beauty's charms muſt move,
And muſt at once a progreſs make
I' th' ſtratagems of war and love.

He that a Princeſs' heart would gain,
Muſt learn ſubmiſſively to yield;
The ſtubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquiſh'd maſters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like ſucceſs,
  Still to encreaſe your hop'd renown;
Till to your conduct and addreſs,
  Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
  Could not the noble Dutch enſlave;
And wiſer Parma ſtrove in vain,
  For to reduce a race ſo brave.

They now thoſe very armies pay
  By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
Their ancient birthright they betray,
  By their own votes you them ſubdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
  When by ſuch arts it is withſtood?
Freedom to Princes is a chain,
  To all that ſpring from Royal Blood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live or die,
The verſes and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt, in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in ſand; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his ſenſe can only boaſt;
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain;
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the generous poet's ſcope;
And all an Engliſh pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

Upon the Earl of ROSCOMMON'S TRANSLATION of HORACE, De Arte Poeticâ: And of the Uſe of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to noble Piſo there;
A noble Piſo does inſtruct us here:
Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtile;
And with rich precepts does oblige our iſle:
Britain! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd;
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſs'd.
Horace will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though Poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhows.

Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream! ſhould never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns and thiſtles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature ſow.
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold;
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
The Muſe's friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praiſe of great acts he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verſes (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd)
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:
Such as, of old, wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake:

Law-giving

Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raiſing cities with their charming lutes.
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.
So, wandering bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the ſpoil;
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil:
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM
De BENTIVOGLIO ſuo.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necta corollam,
Cùm ſatis indigenis te probet ipſe liber:
Per me Roma ſciet tibi ſe debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæſare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce ſcripta videt.
Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris eſto!
Sed ſtudiò cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic inſtructus, & arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; diſcordes Flandria quaſſa monet.

Hic

Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; veſtri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum ſtertunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulti,
Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

Upon his altering his Play PANDORA, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, becauſe not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you ſhould rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:
You had oblig'd us by employing wit,
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit.
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her ſong;
While the loud daw, his throat diſplaying, draws
The whole aſſembly of his fellow daws:
So muſt the writer, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
Whilſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leſſen as they fly.

On

On the Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solſtice.

SWIFT as Jove's meſſenger (* the winged god)
With ſword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Aſſiſts the Hero with continued light.
On foes ſurpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave ſpace,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder ſpoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with ſuch a terror ſtrook;
That to his courage they reſign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that ſo little loyal blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many Britons ſhould be loſt:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his intereſt does employ
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.

* Mercury.

And

And now, theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one, beyond his promiſe kind:
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to ſave.
In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell:
And give a ſecret joy to * him that reigns,
To ſee his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins:
To ſee a leader, whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But ſeeing envy, like the ſun, does beat
With ſcorching rays, on all that 's high and great:
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muſes ſend, to ſhade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze;
But time and thunder pay reſpect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our preſent view;
Kept by the Muſe as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of Vulcan firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame.
Such care ſhe takes to pay deſert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

* King Charles II.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, intituled, "Hiſtorical "Applications, and Occaſional Meditations upon "ſeveral ſubjects."

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in ſuch an age!
Who can preſume to find a guard
From ſcorn, when Heaven 's ſo little ſpar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the prophane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why ſhould theſe let in a beam
Of divine light, to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleaſing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That ſuch men write what they believe:
And, feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to antient light.
Amongſt theſe few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wiſh the throng of Great and Good
Made it leſs eaſily underſtood!

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Upon his incomparable, incomprehenſible Poem, intituled, THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the Britiſh nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As braſs or marble, to your fame have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave anceſtors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their cuſtoms and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddled thoſe dark oracles, as well
As thoſe that made them, could themſelves foretell.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again:
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men:
Make rival Princes meet in arms and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove.

For, as eternity has neither paſt
Nor future, authors ſay, nor firſt nor laſt;
But is all inſtant; your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe miracles of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſied head,
T' obſerve what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, ſince you have ſuch arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower;
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
For no man 's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit.
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe, that underſtands it here.

TO MR. CREECH,

On his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

WHAT all men wiſh'd, though few could hope to ſee,
We are now bleſt with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the antient learned Latin ſtore,
Giv'ſt us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage
The idleſt moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place ſome wondrous monſter breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There Farce is Comedy; bombaſt call'd ſtrong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong.

'Tis

'Tis hard to ſay they ſteal them now-a-days;
For ſure the antients never wrote ſuch plays.
Theſe ſcribbling inſects have what they deſerve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to ſtarve.
That Spenſer knew, that Taſſo felt before;
And Death found ſurly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæſar, like Auguſtus, kind!
But let not this diſturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'ſt for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curſt to write thy verſe with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from ſuch a hand,
That has, with books, himſelf at free command?
Thou know'ſt in youth, what age has ſought in vain;
And bring'ſt forth ſons without a mother's pain.
So eaſy is thy ſenſe, thy verſe ſo ſweet,
Thy words ſo proper, and thy phraſe ſo fit;
We read, and read again: and ſtill admire [fire!
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodneſs may my ſeveral faults forgive,
And by your help theſe wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your ſeverer ſight,
They ſeem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with ſpeed in deſerv'd flames be thrown!
They'll ſend no ſighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying ſilently, your juſtice own.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the ſun;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this iſland bend.
But Portſmouth, ſpringing from the antient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chaſe;
As they great Cæſar did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for, ſhe knows, the day
Muſt not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain theſe, and thoſe for Rome.
Dreſs'd to advantage, this illuſtrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant regions two ſuch beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare herſelf ſeems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings ſhe flies;
Till Chloris ſhining in the field ſhe ſpies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thouſand Graces waited on the dame:

Her

Her matchleſs form made all the Engliſh glad,
And foreign beauties leſs aſſurance had.
Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the ball.
Which to determine, Love himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander-by.
Poets, approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alſatia:
And, with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the ſplendor of our golden age:
Where Love gives law, Beauty the ſceptre ſways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of an ELEGY made by Mrs. WHARTON on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muſes! on the hearſe
Not ſtrowing tears, but laſting verſe;
Which ſo preſerves the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt and high renown;
That the th' afflicted world relieves,
And ſhews that ſtill in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loſs ſupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph ſhould melt in tears.
Then, faireſt Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our ſake;
Leſt his fair ſoul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what 's eminent we know,
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valued ſo:
Things without uſe, though they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early roſe, made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our ſtars do ſhew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, ſince ſtill known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty ſtill
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing bloſſoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the ſucceeding years:
And hope is all which art or nature brings,
At the firſt trial, to accompliſh things.

Mankind

Mankind was firſt created an eſſay;
That ruder draught the Deluge waſh'd away.
How many ages paſs'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle!
How long in vain had nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect princeſs, ere her Highneſs came?
For joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait,
'Tis the ſet price of happineſs complete.
As a firſt-fruit, Heaven claim'd that lovely boy:
The next ſhall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the Poſture, and Progreſs, of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL: Together with the Battle, and Victory, obtained over the DUTCH, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the ſea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is ſeen:
Here place the Britiſh, there the Holland fleet,
Vaſt floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who ſhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
Make Heaven concern'd, and an unuſual ſtar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the ſea ſhine with gallantry, and all
The Engliſh youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whoſe early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct ſhow'd.

His

His bright ſword now a dearer intereſt draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cauſe.
Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage ſpread
Through the whole navy, by that Hero led:
Make all appear, where ſuch a prince is by,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud ſails ſwell, more than with the winds
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the ocean, and mankind
Aſk his conſent to uſe the ſea and wind:
While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of Holland for their navy's ſtay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Through the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coaſt where morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary Belgian ſteers;
Confeſſing now, he dreads the Engliſh more
Than all the dangers of a frozen ſhore;
While from our arms, ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the day behind.
Deſcribe their fleet abandoning the ſea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey.
Our firſt ſucceſs in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.

The Dutch their wine and all their brandy loſe;
Diſarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad Engliſh, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the ſpoil.

His high commands to Afric's coaſt extend,
And make the Moors before the Engliſh bend:
Thoſe barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, ſuch as we are pleas'd to give.
Deſerted by the Dutch, let nations know,
We can our own and their great buſineſs do:
Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which, worſe than tempeſts, did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe Streights, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a ſmall ſquadron of the Engliſh meet:
Like falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the ſhock.
There paint confuſion in a various ſhape,
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape.
Europe and Africa, from either ſhore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight ſo, deſerve to rule the ſea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil uſe once more,
And place our navy by the Holland ſhore;
The world they compaſs'd while they fought with Spain;
But here already they reſign the Main:
Thoſe greedy mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive nature could no region lay,
At home, preſerv'd from rocks and tempeſts, lie;
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.

Their

Their ſingle towns th' Iberian armies preſt;
We all their Provinces at once inveſt:
And in a month ruin their traffick more,
Than that long war could in an age before.
But who can always on the billows lie?
The watery wilderneſs yields no ſupply.
Spreading our ſails, to Harwich we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the Britiſh court.
Th' illuſtrious Ducheſs, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the Main.
The gazing Sea-Gods, ſince the * Paphian Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Powers for us themſelves declare:
Reſolv'd the aid of Neptune's Court to bring;
And help the nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring:
The ſoldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies' eyes.
Mean-while, like bees when ſtormy winter 's gone,
The Dutch (as if the ſea were all their own)
Deſert their ports; and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburgh merchants are become their prey.
Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
Enough to ſerve us till we reach our foes.
Who now appear ſo numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.

* Venus.

A greater

A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er preſs'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Reſtrain'd a-while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient Engliſh ſcarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heaven ſeverely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might ſee, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters ruſh,
Vaſt clouds encountering one another cruſh:
With ſwelling ſails, ſo from their ſeveral coaſts,
Join the Batavian and the Britiſh hoſts.
For a leſs prize, with leſs concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage:
They, for the empire of the world they knew;
Theſe, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the firſt ſhock, with blood and powder ſtain'd,
Nor heaven nor ſea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble nature, and her viſage change.
Where burning ſhips the baniſh'd ſun ſupply,
And no light ſhines, but that by which men die;
There York appears; ſo prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as antient as the ſea!
Which down to him, ſo many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field,
Till Vulcan that impenetrable ſhield
And arms had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But ſhafts, and darts, which the weak Phrygians threw.

Our

Our bolder Hero on the deck does ſtand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
Defenſive arms laid by as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some Power unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt him firſt Opdam his ſquadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the Swedes:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to periſh by a Prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow ſides:
Yet, not inclin'd the Engliſh ſhip to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his ſword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
* Three worthy perſons from his ſide it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their ſcatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
More to be valued than a thouſand lives!
On ſuch a theatre as this to die;
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a witneſs by!
Who would not thus a ſacrifice be made,
To have his blood on ſuch an altar laid?
The reſt about him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muſkerry, and Mr. Boyle.

So

So trembled Jacob, when he thought the ſtains
Of his ſon's coat had iſſued from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge, he fought:
His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth;
The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd,—and their lives!
He ſtorms, and ſhoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too ſlow:
They miſs, or ſweep but common ſouls away;
For ſuch a loſs, Opdam his life muſt pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to board:
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged veſſel like an eagle ſhows,
When through the clouds to truſs a ſwan ſhe goes:
The Belgian ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge rock
Inhabiting the ſea, expects the ſhock.
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the buſineſs of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noiſe ſuſpend;
The ſilent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful victory bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the war's ſucceſs:
When Heaven itſelf, for England to declare,
Turns ſhip, and men, and tackle into air.

Their

Their new commander from his charge is toſt,
Which * that young Prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, ſway'd their infant-ſtate.
His flight tow'rds heaven th' aſpiring Belgian took;
But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder ſtrook:
From vaſter hopes than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the Britiſh Admiral:
From her broadſides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the ſun:
That, bears the radiant enſign of the day;
And ſhe, the flag that governs in the ſea.
The Duke (ill-pleas'd that fire ſhould thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter ſword he meant)
Anger ſtill burning in his valiant breaſt,
Goes to complete revenge upon the reſt.
So, on the guardleſs herd, their keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accuſtom'd to the raging ſea,
And in black ſtorms the frowns of heaven to ſee,
Never met tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both thoſe that led, and thoſe that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, diſpoſing of their fates,
Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:

* Prince of Orange.

With

With which he pleads his Brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ſhip, fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcaſes, are borne:
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lifts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore; and with a boiſterous rage,
Does heaven at once, and earth, and ſea, engage.

The Dutch, elſewhere, did through the watery field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But Engliſh courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhowers of hail, from either ſide are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and inſtruments of rage:
Death-haſtening ills nature enough has ſent,
And yet men ſtill a thouſand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength.

So corn in fields, and in the garden flowers,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves, with moderate ſhowers:
But, over-charg'd with never-ceaſing rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this diſorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful Engliſh ſuch advantage find;
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo-intangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then
Their guns ſhoot bullets, and their veſſels men.
The ſcorch'd Batavians on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to paſs in Charon's, boat.
And now our Royal Admiral ſucceſs
(With all the marks of victory) does bleſs:
The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
Nearer to Holland as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe and tumult of the fight;
His cannons' roar, fore-runner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amſterdam;
The Britiſh thunder does their houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at every door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening deſtruction) haſtens their deſpair:
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd fleet as loſt;
And fear our preſent landing on their coaſt.
The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold,
As ſheep a lion, leaping tow'rds their fold:

Thoſe

Thoſe piles, which ſerve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to reſtrain.
" What wonders may not Engliſh valour work,
" Led by th' example of victorious York?
" Or, what defence againſt him can they make,
" Who, at ſuch diſtance, does their country ſhake?
" His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
" And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people:—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the Deep:
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Thoſe arms, which freed them from the Spaniſh yoke.
Painter! excuſe me, if I have a-while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another ſtyle:
For, though you draw arm'd Heroes as they ſit;
The taſk in battle does the Muſes fit:
They, in the dark confuſion of a fight,
Diſcover all; inſtruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield;
Hid in the ſmoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the Muſes ſmile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
And our * Great Monarch high above them ſet:
Like young Auguſtus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea;

* King Charles II.

Where * Egypt's Queen, and Eaſtern Kings, o'erthrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the Main:
And, with a preſent to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE † KING.

GREAT Sir! diſdain not in this piece to ſtand,
Supreme commander both of ſea and land:
Thoſe which inhabit the celeſtial bower,
Painters expreſs with emblems of their power;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.
But your great providence no colours here
Can repreſent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:
You, for theſe ends, whole days in council ſit;
And the diverſions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the Firſt Mover you
Vigour and life on every part beſtow:
How to build ſhips, and dreadful ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the artiſts; and reward their haſte.

* Cleopatra. † King Charles II.

So,

So, Jove himſelf, when Typhon heaven does brave,
Deſcends to viſit Vulcan's ſmoky cave:
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks diſcover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their God:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn;
And in Great Britain thought the Thunderer born.

A Preſage of the RUIN of the TURKISH EMPIRE; Preſented to his Majeſty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the Britiſh throne,
Truce, well-obſerv'd, has been infring'd by none:
Chriſtians to him their preſent union owe,
And late ſucceſs againſt the common foe:
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our Iſland ſent;
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for ſuch a glorious taſk,
Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot aſk:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn ſwords ſhall turn againſt the Turk.
Such Kings, like ſtars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aſpect propitious to mankind;

Favour the innocent, repreſs the bold;
And, while they flouriſh, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem and reverence through the world do find.
A Prince, with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace;
Join to the Turk's deſtruction; and then bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a King.
If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find;
Shall the vex'd world leſs honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is, to ſet bounds, and give ambition law.
The Britiſh Monarch ſhall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer ſlave:
That ſource of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither, brought.
The baniſh'd Muſes ſhall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to Greece return:
Though ſlaves (like birds that ſing not in a cage)
They loſt their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The

The Turk's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this Hero make their intereſt one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun:
And this great day (ſo juſtly honour'd here!)
Known to the eaſt, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
"Auſus & ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem."
VIRG.

TO THE DUCHESS,

When he preſented this Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here preſent you with the rage,
And with the Beauties, of a former age:
Wiſhing you may with as great pleaſure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inſpire
A nobler flame, and raiſe our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become ſevere:
Your matchleſs beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we fling.

Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, ſhall like marble laſt:
And make you through as many ages ſhine,
As Taſſo has the Heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers uſe,
You are the ſubject of the Britiſh Muſe:
Dilating miſchief to yourſelf unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright ſun burns all our graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

Theſe VERSES were writ in the TASSO of her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer ſex to grace;
But in no one durſt all perfection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is ſeen
Clorinda's ſpirit, and her lofty mien;
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a glaſs, does dreſs
Her well-taught mind; and every grace expreſs,
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought:
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never ſought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her cloaths are loſt, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Like Eve while yet ſhe was untaught
To hide herſelf or know a fault.
For a ſnatch'd ribbon ſhe would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is leſt it ſhould undo the thief.
Already ſhe begins to ſtretch
Her wit, to ſave the guilty wretch:
And ſays, ſhe was of goods bereft
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her cloaths
Till they were eaten up with moths;
But made a nobler uſe of ſtore,
To clothe the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the fair,
Her loſs contribute to repair,
Of London ſhe would have the fate,
And riſe (undone) in greater ſtate;
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

OF

DIVINE LOVE.

A

POEM

IN SIX CANTOS.

"Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant;
"Sic nos Scripturæ depaſcimur aurea dicta;
"Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ! * *
"Nam Divinus Amor cùm cæpit vociferari,
"Diffugiunt animi terrores. * *" LUCRET. Lib. iii.

"Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama, petita eſt,
"Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis: * *
"Namque ubi mota calent ſacrâ mea pectora Muſâ,
"Altior humano ſpiritus ille malo eſt."
OVID. de Triſt. Lib. iv. El. i.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is revealed.

II. The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.

III. The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.

IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.

V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embraced.

VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arriv'd:
Frail Deities! which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they ſtill divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age;
When, not from Helicon's imagin'd ſpring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the fabric of the world begun;
Elder than light, and ſhall out-laſt the ſun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The falſe pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd and ſilent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.
As late philoſophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd:
So has this Book entitled us to heaven,
And rules, to guide us to that manſion, given:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
And is our pledge for the Great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find;
But the leſs volume does expreſs his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his bleſt Gods vouchſafe us not a thought:
But unconcern'd let all below them ſlide,
As fortune does, or human wiſdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred yoke,
And band of all ſociety, is broke:
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God, but intereſt?
What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear!
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſehood and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good or wiſe:
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their paſſion, Reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourſelves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our Reaſon does exceed.
For though Heaven ſhews the glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindneſs and compaſſion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celeſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning) ſhall our ſong commend:
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame,
Which firſt from heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private intereſt.
This mov'd not Moſes, nor the zealous Paul;
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all:
A greater yet from heaven to hell deſcends,
To ſave, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The * Royal Prophet, that extended grace
From heaven to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that Poet wrote:
Heaven was ſcarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſuade;
For love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the night
From the rude Chaos; and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to reſt here; and ſome, to ſhine above:
Earth, ſea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But there was none
That to themſelves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a gueſt,
Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt:

* David.

One!

One; like the Author, whoſe capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find:
Might meaſure heaven, and give each ſtar a name:
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with ſwelling ſails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make ſtrongeſt beaſts obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe the fertile earth to till.
When, by his Word, God had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure and majeſtic look:
With his own breath, convey'd into his breaſt
Life, and a ſoul fit to command the reſt.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift; and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note;
But not with laſting numbers, and with thought;
Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curſt the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgin's ſeed:
Though juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son deſcends, to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His buſineſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe malice could not let him live.
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us reſolv'd to periſh) he refus'd:
While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great love conſtrain'd
To make return of love: upon this Pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an eſſay, a taſte of heaven below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But ſmoke will vaniſh when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.
Could we forbear diſpute, and practiſe love,
We ſhould agree, as Angels do above.

Where love preſides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues ſtay behind:
Both faith and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heaven, it does but ſojourn here.
He that alone would wiſe and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we ſoar ſo high?—
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:
For he took fleſh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, inſtruct our thought;
As Man he ſuffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes; we may with eaſe
Obedient be; for if we love, we pleaſe.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard taſk,
And love for love is all that Heaven does aſk.
Love! that would all men juſt and temperate make,
Kind to themſelves, and others for his ſake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they muſt with weeds abound,
(Unruly paſſions) whoſe effects are worſe
Than thorns and thiſtles, ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
Of his proud foe the envy or the scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
With love, of all created things the best:
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress
Might, in that age, some provinces infest:
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign:
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
But, love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.

They in whoſe breaſt this ſacred love has place,
Death, as a paſſage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obſcure the day,
The ſun's victorious beams may chace away;
Thoſe which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler ſtar!) muſt from the ſoul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter ſun moves in a boundleſs ſphere:
Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

CANTO

CANTO V.

THIS iron age (ſo fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold:
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop:
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harveſt than the richeſt field;
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy ſtand;
And ſpread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bleſs;
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuffering leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſeveral for the people's ſake:
He that, long-faſting, would no wonder ſhow,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his power, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his love:
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs, which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thruſt;
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.

Devils are chain'd and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now ſo fierce and dangerous ſee)
Would guardian-angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Iſaiah propheſy'd can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the rejected raiſe,
Smooth and make ſtreight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall:
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heaven with that high character has bleſt.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man:
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor Princes arm, though to ſubdue the Eaſt;
Where for the Tomb ſo many Heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs as men:
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd!

CANTO

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (ſo divinely taught!)
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From Chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight:
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The day of riſing, than the day of reſt;
That every week might new occaſion give,
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm,
To keep his blood among us ever warm:
And ſinging, as the Bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But, on ſo vaſt a ſubject, who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does ſuſpend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted ſpirit, from the ſound
Of David's harp, a preſent ſolace found:
So on this theme while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.

On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Power ſo infinitely kind;
The ſoul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practiſe how to die:
Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy ſo complete, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner pleaſures there;
Pale they would look, as ſtars that muſt be gone,
When from the eaſt the riſing ſun comes on.

OF THE

FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe;
Though the word Fear ſome men may ill endure,
'Tis ſuch a fear as only makes ſecure.
Aſk of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock;
Opening to all that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong; the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there 's nothing to be fear'd;
It brings from heaven an Angel for a guard:
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light; by which he made and governs all.

'Tis

'Tis God alone ſhould not offended be;
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good cauſe, the ſufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than Angels can.
Man, ſince his fall, in no mean ſtation reſts,
Above the Angels, or below the beaſts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirſt and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, ſhall in this world be vext;
And ſadly live, in terror of the next.
The * world's great conqueror would his point purſue,
And wept becauſe he could not find a new:
Which had he done, yet ſtill he would have cry'd,
To make him work, until a third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heaven itſelf, unleſs it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does ſtill exceed:
Has but one mouth, yet would a thouſand feed.
In wealth and honour, by ſuch men poſſeſt,
If it encreaſe not, there is found no reſt.
All their delight is while their wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis ſtrange men ſhould neglect their preſent ſtore,
And take no joy, but in purſuing more;
No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim:
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A ſoul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can ſatisfy.

* Alexander.

A thouſand

A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure but in new deſigns:
And what they hope for what they have outſhines.
Our ſheep and oxen ſeem no more to crave;
With full content feeding on what they have:
Vex not themſelves for an encreaſe of ſtore;
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
They do from us expect it ſhould be given.
We made them not, yet they on us rely;
More than vain men upon the Deity:
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand,
Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
What can he have or uſe but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO

CANTO II.

EARTH praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood:
Heaven, thoſe that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terreſtrial honour, to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find:
But he that does a noble nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an Angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell;
Lov'd and admir'd by thoſe he does excell.
Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide:
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets and the glorious ſun
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:

They

They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their Creator, as a law, did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good and evil, as at firſt,
(That vain perſuaſion!) keeps them ſtill accurſt!
The Sacred Word refuſing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the ſkilful hand
Of ſome great maſter, at the figure ſtand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe hour do ſhow:
So from our Maker wandering, we ſtray;
Like birds that know not to their neſts the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight;
Behold his face, and ſhun eternal night.

Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe jewels cheap,
Expoſing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is beſt;
Where great truths are in feweſt words expreſt.

Wreſtling with death, theſe lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my ſoul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!

But

But 'tis of grace, if ſickneſs, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
As pangs that wait upon a ſecond birth.

OF

OF

DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOS.

Occaſioned upon ſight of the LIIId Chapter of Iſaiah, turned into Verſe by Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verſe we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquiſitive to know
The ſecret, which this oracle does ſhow.
What was to come, Iſaiah did declare;
Which ſhe deſcribes, as if ſhe had been there;
Had ſeen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws ſo lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold:
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they ſhould die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inſpire,
Expects it ſhould foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes, as well as men may know;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verſe ſo deſign'd, on that high ſubject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought.

The ſmoke which we from burning incenſe raiſe,
When we complete the ſacrifice of praiſe.
In boundleſs verſe the fancy ſoars too high
For any object, but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heaven pretend to ſhare
In the ſuperlatives of wiſe and fair!
A meaner ſubject when with theſe we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred ſhould be the product of our Muſe,
Like that ſweet oil, above all private uſe;
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it ſhould be on the altar laid.
Verſe ſhews a rich ineſtimable vein,
When, dropp'd from heaven, 'tis thither ſent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praiſe,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raiſe.
For, as that Angel up to heaven did riſe,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's ſacrifice:
So, wing'd with praiſe, we penetrate the ſky;
Teach clouds, and ſtars, to praiſe him as we fly;
The whole creation (by our fall made groan!)
His praiſe to echo, and ſuſpend their moan.
For that he reigns all creatures ſhould rejoice;
And we with ſongs ſupply their want of voice.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In ſongs of praiſe their preſent union ſhow:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in ſong:
Angels and we, aſſiſted by this art,
May ſing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus

Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems muſt
No higher riſe, than winds may lift the duſt.
From that they ſpring; this, from his breath that gave
To the firſt duſt th' immortal ſoul we have.
His praiſe well ſung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE * that did firſt this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in ſacred verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verſe, that flows from ſo divine a rage.
Eldeſt of Poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he ſaw; and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell:
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the Creator, and his reſt:
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, ſo even and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpriz'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old:
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting heaven. But we, of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.

* Moſes.

To

To worms, that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
And may again retire, when that ſhall fade.
The laſting Iliads have not liv'd ſo long,
As his and Deborah's triumphant ſong.
Delphos unknown, no Muſe could them inſpire,
But that which governs the celeſtial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal;
And from their ſtore ſucceeding Poets ſteal:
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old Kiſhon taught:
His river ſcarce could fierce Achilles ſtay;
Her's, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms; inſtructed by her fighting ſtars,
She led them all againſt the common foe:
But he (miſ-led by what he ſaw below!)
The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different ſides.
The nobleſt parts which in his Heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that Heroine.
Homer himſelf and Agamemnon ſhe
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer ſtrain
Than all the tales the boldeſt Greeks could feign:

For what ſhe ſung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage and ſucceſs in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From Heaven her Poem and her Conqueſt came.
Though of the Jews ſhe merit moſt eſteem;
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how Siſera fell;
This ſings our triumph over death and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt Virgin and Elizabeth.
In ſongs of joy the Angels ſung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which, for our guilt, ſo patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and ſuffering, all belong
(Though various parts) to one celeſtial ſong:
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has, in this concert, ſung the tragic part.
As Hannah's ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe,
So here this Lady conſecrates her Muſe;
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muſe is born!

On

On the Paraphraſe on the LORD'S PRAYER, Written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, ye winds! liſten etherial lights!
While our Urania ſings what Heaven indites:
The Numbers are the Nymph's; but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his throne:
And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts, which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangeliſts we find the proſe;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;
A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
It may become the higheſt Seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celeſtial choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer.

I. HIS ſacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heaven vouchſafe to bow! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

* Pſalm xviii. 9.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign:
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring;
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light;
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heaven, it muſt be made our own:
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom nature and the univerſe obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd:
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourſelves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;
Like new-born babes, depending on the breaſt,
From day to day, we on his bounty feaſt.
Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial grace.

V. *That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Though ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This prayer to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
The nobleſt worſhip of the Power above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love:

Not

Not to forgive our enemies alone;
But uſe our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The rich and poor in ſlippery places ſtand:
Give us enough! but with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſuading want; nor wanting wealth;
But what proportion'd is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living, ſing thy praiſe;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

" Favete linguis! * * * *
" Virginibus puerisque canto." HORAT.

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS*.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The ſubject made us able to indite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping, does herſelf erect:
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praiſe.

The ſeas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we, when paſſions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs, which age deſcries.

* See, in " Duke's Poems," an elegant compliment to Mr. Waller, on this his laſt production. N.

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

" * * * * Miratur limen Olympi." VIRG.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the * boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?
But, had like virtue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for pity; but, with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praiſe of MIRA.

WHILE ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs Mira, ſhe reveals her own:
And, when ſhe would another's praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

* Paris.

To

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou wouldſt needs (bewitch'd with ſome ill charms!)
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms,
All we can wiſh, is—May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and ſo good night!

AN EPIGRAM

On a Painted LADY with ill Teeth.

WERE men ſo dull they could not ſee
That Lycé painted; ſhould they flee,
Like ſimple birds, into a net,
So groſsly woven, and ill-ſet?
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe teeth fair Lycé muſt not ſhow,
If ſhe would bite her lovers, though
Like birds they ſtoop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſabus'd when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten bones diſcover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted ſepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal ſide!
On the reverſe, our beauty's pride!
Here we diſcern the frown and ſmile;
e force and glory of our Iſle.

In the rich Medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove deſcend in gold;
And Danaë wondering at that ſhower,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs;
Virtue 's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

Written on a Card that her *MAJESTY tore at OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celeſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (afterwards Lord LANSDOWN) on his Verſes to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

* Q. Catharine.

LONG

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So, life we praiſe, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may ſeem importunate,
While your compaſſion we implore:
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade; nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do!
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found:
So, in the grave, ſhall we as quiet lie;
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company.
But ſome ſo like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

Some

Some VERSES of an imperfect COPY,
Deſigned for a Friend,
On his Tranſlation of OVID's FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old Romans you were wont to feaſt.
Numa's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plough:
Such power has juſtice, faith, and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That 's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave:
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel ſhine.

* * * * * *

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the FIRST, at CHARING-CROSS.

In the Year 1674.

THAT the Firſt Charles does here in triumph ride;
See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
And people pay that reverence, as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted!) to the ſacred braſs;
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue and the ſtone.

But

But Heaven this laſting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though ſucceſsful, is but vain;
And Kings ſo kill'd riſe conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of ſurviving Fame.

PRIDE.

NOT the brave * Macedonian Youth alone;
But baſe Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundleſs in power, would make himſelf a God;
As if the world depended on his nod.
The † Syrian King to beaſts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himſelf he could be mortal known.
The meaneſt wretch, if Heaven ſhould give him line,
Would never ſtop, till he were thought divine:
All might within diſcern the ſerpent's pride,
If from ourſelves nothing ourſelves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers ſpread,
And woo the female to his painted bed:
Let winds and ſeas together rage and ſwell:
This nature teaches, and becomes them well.
‡ *Pride was not made for men*: a conſcious ſenſe
Of guilt and folly, and their conſequence,
Deſtroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the ſhape of manhood, dwells.

* Alexander.
† Nebuchadnezzar.
‡ Eccluſ. x. 18.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this ſtone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemiſh'd probity, and truth:
Juſt unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious ſon:
Whom neighbouring towns ſo often ſent,
To give their ſenſe in Parliament;
With lives and fortunes truſting one,
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate;
Contented with an old eſtate,
Which no foul avarice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counſel or inſtruct her heir;
Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.
An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he juſt gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught,
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His ſhort life did a pattern give,
How neighbours, huſbands, friends, ſhould live.

The

The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe and ſtrife,
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid intereſt of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Though young, like fruit that 's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndiſh: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his ſhort life grace;
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Saw what great Alexander in the Eaſt,
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the Weſt.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame:
Where dark confuſion did the nations hide,
And where the juſter was the weaker ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The * elder did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his ſword.

* William Earl of Devonſhire.

Born

Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honour won:
The Horſe, inſtructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North:
Where Ca'ndiſh fought, the Royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd:
The current of his victories found no ſtop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefeſt prop.
Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer or to die:
Virtue with rage, fury with valour, ſtrove;
But that muſt fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell, with odds of number and of fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the Church and State:
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk, to ruin both, leſs hard.
So when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave!

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir;
So early wiſe, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge and his ſtock;

That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.
While ſhe to every well-taught mind
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch title to her ſtore,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muſes daily found ſupplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes;
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praiſe!
But when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port and refuge of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good;
So that (her perſon and her ſtate
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhow
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee:
And one ſublime example had
Of good, among ſo many bad.

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH,

To be written under the Latin Inſcription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the Engliſh reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpſe alone does lie
Under this ſtone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have ſhow'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that ancient ſtock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing ere the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte;
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He 's ſeldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, UNFINISHED.

GREAT ſoul! for whom death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel death! to thoſe you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue ſhin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy aſhes give.——

* * * * *

EPITAPH

On HENRY DUNCH, Eſq;

In Newington Church in Oxfordſhire, 1686,

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this ſpeaking ſtone
His aſhes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whoſe well-us'd fortune made their virtues ſhine,
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others ſhould with their relations live.
A pious ſon, a huſband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the ſouthern nations go.
Nearer the ſun, though they more civil ſeem,
Revenge and luxury have their eſteem;
Which well obſerving, he return'd with more
Value for England than he had before;
Her true religion, and her ſtatutes too,
He practiſed not leſs than ſeek'd to know;

And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To loſe ſo good, ſo juſt a magiſtrate.
To ſhed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind;
Till ſhe who does inherit his eſtate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

THE

THE EPITAPH ON MR. WALLER'S MONUMENT,

In Beconsfield Church-yard in Buckinghamſhire;

Written by Mr. RYMER, late Hiſtoriographer-royal.

ON THE WEST END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS, MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ. NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS. HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER, CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FILIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

ON THE EAST END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM: COEPIT VIVERE III° MARTII, A. D. MDCV. PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB. A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER MARIÆQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS, PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT. EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

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